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Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, June 14, 1917 Number 16

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE ABIDING

God reigns!
His is the day,
And the night of hate
And the storm of wrath
Shall pass away.

Love reigns!
Hers are the years,
And an age of peace
And of kindliness
Will banish fears.

Truth reigns!
God is on high,
And the pride of kings
And the lust of things
Are doomed to die.

—Thomas Curtis Clark
Christian Endeavour World.

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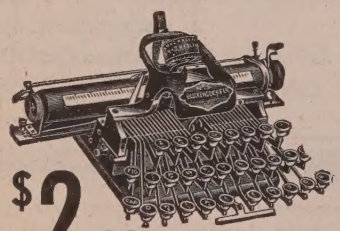

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIX THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1917. NUMBER 16

SPIRITUAL LEADERSHIP

The major duty of men and women who are the teachers of religion in this day of crisis for the nation and the world is to furnish spiritual leadership. This duty becomes concrete at three points:

1. Keep Down Hate!

What does it mean in war time to "love your enemies?" That is for the teachers of Christianity to discover.

At least keep down the spirit of vengeance, hatred and unjust suspicion.

2. The Defense of Democracy.

Maintain and guard the right of free speech. Its abuse is not as dangerous as its suppression.

In the heat and pressure of war is no time to discuss a permanent policy of universal military service.

This war will neither defend nor extend democracy if it ends with a permanent military system fastened upon the United States. This would inevitably stimulate competitive armaments all over the world.

At this turning point in history our policy must be

WAR MUST BE DESTROYED!

To keep the dust and sweat of the conflict from obscuring this high purpose prophetic voices and vision will be needed.

3. Creating the International Mind.

This nation has been called to war for international ends. But the mounting of the war fever may blind the vision. As a belligerent we may become entangled in selfish national ambitions or fears. Christianity is an international religion. Now is the time of times to preach its international elements, that the people may not call upon a tribal God, but may seek the justice and the righteousness and the love of the All-Father. No other power can hold the feet of the nation unfalteringly in the difficult path that leads to the goal its leaders have chosen.

It is for the pulpit to constantly cry aloud that this war must end in nothing less than a constructive peace that will be the beginnings of a world democracy.

—From the Bulletin of Methodist Federation for Social Service.

Governor Whitman of New York seems to have taken note of the vast, though in the main silent, minority who find little expression in the newspapers, when he vetoed the action of the state legislature suspending labor laws during the war.

"Must Democracy Surrender?" The *New York World* seems to answer that question in the affirmative and advises a temporary surrender. The *Public* thinks differently, or at least it suggests that "If the war has suspended the constitution, let democracy seize the opportunity which autocracy is trying to turn to its own purpose, and levy heavy uniform tax on land values."

The *Survey* for June 9 suggests the next and logical step in the "dry" movement as a war measure. While the war protectionists are out for complete prohibition in alcoholic drinks, it should continue its work until all prostitutes are put beyond the reach of the camps. It quotes the British Royal Commission as saying that "there is abundant evidence of the intimate relation between alcohol and venereal disease." Parents who dread for their boys the dangers of the trenches must face the fact that there are other dangers more subtle and far more deadly than those that come from the enemies' muskets and cannons. Publicity on these lines is the demand of the hour and the prudery that has concealed the facts and overlooked these dangers in the past is one of the scandalous by-products of war.

The *Friends' Intelligencer,* "In view of the much publicity given to the number of students who left their colleges to enlist," calls attention to the other side of the student conscience in this matter. There is a "Collegiate Anti-Militarism League" with a national constituency composed of students from thirty-six colleges, that is busy "in comparative obscurity." The third issue of its publication entitled *War* contains articles from Ida Hurst Scudder, John Haynes Holmes and others. Certain students of Oberlin College, claiming to represent nothing but their own convictions, stand out in a self-confessed minority, but publish *The Rational Patriot* once every two weeks. An article by a Japanese student is quoted from which he says, "If the Christian ideal cannot be practical either between individuals or nations, we do not see any reason for becoming Christians." The spirit of the publication is indicated by this quotation from an editorial paragraph:

> We hope to create no animosities because of our methods of treating the matter we set forth; we desire to maintain a spirit of dignity, courtesy, and fair play. But if we are obliged to incur hostility because of the vigorous prosecution of what we regard as a patriotic duty, we must bear it with patience. This way we have set our faces, and there will be no turning back.

The best temperance publication that reaches our exchange table is the "clip sheet" issued by the Publicity Department of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association with office at Cincinnati. The last sheet before us has a fetching cartoon quoting a "Yankee fighter home from the front" as saying, "Liquor is a big factor in trench warfare." The car-

toon shows Italian and French soldiers with their wine rations, the German with his beer, the Britisher with his beer and rum. The man from Utah who served twenty-two months with the British Fusiliers testified to the *Cincinnati Enquirer*: "Prohibition may be all right in peace times, but if you are ordered to capture a German trench, the portion of rum the sergeant serves you before you go 'over the top' is the most welcome offering you ever received." Comment is unnecessary. There is something very alcoholic in war and for modern warfare at least alcohol has been too much an element in trench taking. Even in our own war for the Union when whisky rations were denied in the main to the boys in the ranks, an officers' canteen, well charged, was supposed to be a part of his fitting equipment. A total abstaining cabinet, a staff without liquor and "dry" parliaments and congresses would go a great way towards finding a better way for settling international differences than by killing people.

There are thousands of young men nobly born, religiously reared who must come through the agony of conscience and struggle of mind to the position of the young man who writes the following letter to the Editor of UNITY. He is one of the type which presents to the government a painful perplexity which it must meet. The War Act exempts from military service the followers of George Fox. George Fox comes to his primacy through a loyalty to the "inner light." Has this "inner light" ceased to shine in human hearts, outside the religious fellowship of the Quakers? Are human hearts who see the "Light" as he saw it and are faithful to the "Light" as he was, to be compelled by conscription to deny the "Light"? Conscience may be fallible but is there a more authoritative voice? We recognize the perplexity of the situation. It may not always be easy to discriminate between those who follow the light and those who are confused by fear, by anxiety for others, or selfishness. But UNITY must continue to give its sympathy to those who try to be true to the sense of ought which as Channing says, is "the noblest gift of God to man."

"I can assure you that it is very perplexing and distressing to find your own beloved country issuing calls and demands that are at strict variance with the dictates of your own conscience and contrary to the training you have had since childhood in home, school and church.

Such is the predicament in which I unhappily find myself today. But I do not doubt for a moment that you can easily appreciate my feelings.

After hours and hours of thought and deliberation I am thoroughly convinced that the best and truest guide to be found is the "voice within" and I have resolved to follow that—now as ever before.

In closing I wish to say that UNITY and all that it implies and stands for, never meant more to me than it does at the present time and I dare say that its message is welcomed by all who are fortunate enough to receive it, as it has never been received heretofore."

"An Eight Hour Day for Ministers" is the title of an article in the *Literary Digest* for June 9. Statistics quoted by the *Lutheran* give a program which would require five hundred and thirty-four days in the year. Among the items which a minister must attend to: 156 sermons a year, three hours a week given to church finances, half an hour to church music, one hour for funerals, weddings, etc., six hundred hours to parochial calls per annum which involves six hundred miles of walking, an hour a week conference with church officers, another hour for Sunday School; denomination and civic work each an hour. But the list is too long for our space. This long list demanding over hours work carries with it also a sorry tale of under pay. Prize fighters, football collegiates, actors and circus clowns all draw larger salaries. The average yearly salary of a Southern Baptist preacher is $334, the Disciples pay $526, the M. E. Church, North, $741, Congregational $880, the Universalists $987, Protestant Episcopal $994. The Unitarians give the best pay with an average of $1,221. But the machine shop worker, wall paper workers, carpet and rug makers, moving-picture man have salaries greater than the Unitarian ministers even. These figures, rather grim at any time, grow gruesome when we reflect that with all this advance cost of living and the still greater advance in the earning power of those who deal with capital and capitalistic combines, there is little said or heard of an advance in ministers' salaries. Hod carriers, cooks, janitors can combine and demand increase of wages, but the ministers have as yet formed no union and are helpless in the hands of "big business" or little business, as the case may be. We would not have it otherwise but we sometimes wish that employers in this field, as in others, might take more thought of the needs, the rights of the employee.

Horace Traubel in the *Conservator* for May, in a ringing article of four columns, faces the ever present fallacy that disintegrates one's moral courage and discounts even unto death the prophets of the race. The pacifist, the suffragist, the prohibitionist and the champions of all other reforms and reforming ideas are pushed aside with the mock compliment that they are ahead of their times and that the time "is not just yet." Mr. Traubel asks:

Will it always be too soon? Will the time never come for these things to be true? Am I always to hear you say: Not yet? You don't say what I say is wrong. You say I say it too soon. You, in fact, say it's beautiful. But you say it's not yet time for beauty such as that. And that's not the worst of it. The worst of it is that you not only say it's too soon but you say it's criminal and anti-social to be too soon. You say a man mustn't see too far ahead. You say he should always remain within sight. My idea may be right. But my clock may be wrong. I've got no call to anticipate anything. I say: Well, I'll just keep my light burning. No, they say: I must put my light out. They assert that a light ahead of its time is more likely to blind than to guide people.

There never was anything worth while on the earth that wasn't too soon. The date is alway set off. And when you reach the date it's set off again. You follow it with faith. But it betrays you. I'd rather you said the truth is false than have you say it's too soon.

* * *

Over the tomb of every starved or murdered saviour is that same legend: Too soon. Oh God! will it always be too soon?

* * *

Jesus came too soon and we crucified him. Savonarola came too soon and we burned him. Pearse came too soon and we shot him. Society's got to get even with those who come too soon. The man who comes too soon is an accuser.

* * *

But they've brought the punishment on themselves. They jump into a hopeless tide. They're mad with an enthusiasm that'll never be justified. We have to curb the too soon people. The time may come for them to take the world in hand. But it's not now. Just now they'd ruin everything.

* * *

Will it always be too soon? Must I put off all my love? Am I to forfeit all my dreams? No, I won't have myself eternally postponed. Nothing's too soon unless it's too bad. Everybody tells me not to be in a hurry. They tell me to wait. Wait for what? Why, wait for the others to catch up.

* * *

Honesty's honest but too soon. Justice is magnificent. But it's too soon. Contemporary time is just the time for what is dirty. But contemporary time is too soon for what is clean. Everywhere I go I'm met with the same warning. It's posted over the pulpits and the preachers dare not contradict it.

The President's Program

Wilson has again spoken. With characteristic clearness he has outlined the aim of the United States in entering upon this vast campaign of a war with the German powers across the seas. He has chosen to make his declaration in the form of a message to poor distracted Russia, and confessedly it is an attempt to thwart the desire of Germany to make friends with Russia now "that the war has begun to go against Germany." The aims set forth by the President are in keeping with his previous utterances, disclaiming any selfish purposes, desiring only to "break the net of intrigue" in order to secure "the undictated development of all peoples." It is an appeal to principles which satisfies the requirements of morals and statesmanship.

But there is the assumption that all this can be realized only by military triumphs and an implied recommitment of the United States to a war program.

It is not clear how far the President is supposed to speak for the Allied forces. The world outside of the militant Powers will still want to know whether the President has spoken for England, France and Italy as well as for himself. If he has spoken for the Allied Powers it will wait eagerly for these Allied forces to make the proposition directly to the Central Power and to avoid Germany's mistake, in making the terms so ambiguous and uncertain as to call forth the indignant retort of the Allies that the request was insincere and rather a strategic movement to secure military advantage. There are some Powers still left in the world not involved in the war. There are people in the militant nations who are tired of war, who have lost faith in it as a means of settling international disputes or even of bringing temporary peace to the belligerent forces until dire exhaustion prostrates all parties. It must be obvious by this time to the Powers at Washington that the number of citizens in the United States who share this last opinion, represent no negligible force. They represent not a cowardly element but a spiritually heroic element, brave souls who are willing to trust the cause of justice and love, yes, of freedom and progress, to the arbitrament of reason rather than of the sword.

Now that the President has taken one more step forward, let him ask Congress to go with him one more step, and seek to deal directly first with the Allied forces and then with their alleged enemies, looking toward the construction of some chamber of counsel, some board of arbitration, some conference of negotiation, some adequate and trustworthy court of appeal to which may be safely entrusted the interests of all parties concerned, the settling of all questions of boundaries and indemnities, and above all, the conditions upon which the future pacification of the nations can be secured.

It is not to be expected that the findings of such a court will be wholly satisfactory to any of the powers involved. Surely such a court will not bring in the millennium and there will be painful demands and difficulties and dangers many before "democracy will be safe throughout the world." But such a council and such a solution of a "peace without victory" will land all the parties concerned generations nearer the desired end than anything that can come from the "knock-out" triumph of Lloyd George or the "ultimate victory" which seems to be the hope of the United States at the present time.

One thing is sure, the American people are far more willing to follow the lead of President Wilson as a great Peace Maker, as one who "is too proud to fight" than they are to follow his lead as commander in chief of an army, however big. His war policy, or rather his policy of war, has been met with hesitation on the part of the noble and a reluctance on the part of the wise, a "slackness" born not of cowardice or of sordidness, but from a hesitancy born out of the tuition of President Wilson himself. The man who "kept us out of war" is still nearer and dearer to the hearts of the American people than the man who, by methods not always democratic, has precipitated the nation into what promises to be a long, bloody, desperate contention of force on far off European battlefields.

The bulk of the American people, the toilers in shop and in the fields, are slow to enter the war because they believe there is a better way, and that the time has come to practice the gospel of reason and love instead of the gospel of force and hate.

Why Don't Doctors Tell?

A recent disgraceful approach to violence in the House of Representatives, as reported in the daily press, arose from the discussion of a bill pending to release "Salvarsan," a specific remedy for syphillis, from its German patents that it might become more available to military needs.

How slow American patriots, to say nothing of American Christians, are to face this horrible demoralization not only to individuals but to civilization through war and its degradations. At last, through the instructions of science, economical and physiological, the curse of alcohol has been pretty well unmasked. The great fighting armies of Europe have recognized their uncompromising, defiant enemy in this direction. Vodka, absinthe and whiskey have been recognized in their true light as most dangerous foes to be met with in camp and on battlefield. It remains to be seen whether the United States, President, Cabinet and Congress will be frank enough and heroic enough to follow the example of Europe and face this most subtle of military foes. But abroad as here a still more subtle and damnable enemy is still allowed to lurk behind the mask of good form and conventional respectability of speech. Religion and patriotism in this country are not yet frank enough to state the truth that our own army camps as well as all the army camps of the world have always been breeding places for syphilis. The doctors, knowing that thousands of young men have brought back from the Mexican border the black plague that will wreck the lives of innocent women and unborn children, are content to remain silent in the matter.

The American Social Hygiene Association has published in pamphlet form an address by Dr. M. J. Exner on "Prostitution in Relation to the Army on the Mexican Border," which states forth these startling facts, as epitomized in an exchange:

"During the first 18 months of the war, one of the great powers had more men incapacitated for service by venereal diseases contracted in the mobilization camps than in all the fighting at the front," says Dr. Exner.

His final sentence is: "The greatest evil to society results from the shattered ideals, lowered standards, sensualized minds and perverted practices brought into home and society by these young men who represent the cream of the manhood of the nation."

Among the facts brought out by Dr. Exner are these:

1. Commanding and medical officers at the border generally assumed that prostitution is necessary and jeered at the idea that it be abolished. In several camps, the officers established prostitute quarters for their men.
2. In one case, one woman in the active stage of syphilis had consorted with 120 men within two days.
3. The civil communities where camps were stationed protested against any regulation of prostitution, on the ground that it would hurt business.
4. In many places, boys and men stood in line for hours awaiting their turn.
5. Conditions in most of these camps were such as to make it hard for any boy, no matter how well and cleanly brought up, to resist the ever-present temptation.
6. In the very few cases where the officers suppressed the evil, the men not only did not resist or complain, but were proud of the fact that they had a "clean bunch of men."
7. In the vast majority of cases the officers seemed to take the position that it was necessary to drag all the men down to the level of the lowest in order to prevent trouble.

The paper from which the above clipping is made says, "Many religious organizations are joining the women's societies in their demands for clean camps." We hope this is true, but are compelled to confess that in the religious exchange material that comes to the editorial table of UNITY there is little evidence of any nation-wide publicity or great ethical demand on the part of an aroused ethical sentiment for adequate legislation and a relentless enforcement of laws now existing that will remove not only this scourge but disgrace of Christendom.

The reason for this hesitancy is subtle, hard to reach, and when reached will be reluctantly admitted by the patriots who think war an essential element in a civilized state and a necessary factor in human progress. Will it not probably become plain some day that an absolutely sober and pure army will be demilitarized. From these conditions come only sound minds and healthy bodies where the laws of reason, the conditions of justice and the dictates of love obtain.

War is possible only where inflamed prejudices, embittered hatred and abnormal minded enthusiasms obtain. Where these are found the gates of other passions are opened and the call for other stimulants seems to be imperative.

We headed this article "Why Don't Doctors Tell"; we end it with why do not the preachers lecture; and what are Congress, Cabinetman and President doing about this! The most urgent question of all is, where are the woman leaders in this "White Cross" work?

A Faithful Hannah

For nearly fifty years has the light of the Liberal faith been kept burning clear in Geneseo, Ill., by the faithful Rev. Milton J. Miller and his wife. Way back in 1868 they called that society into being and they have stayed faithfully at their post ever since, glorifying the title of *emeritus,* adding to and not confusing the work of their successors, and now there is but one of them. The faithful wife, in the eighty-ninth year of her age, rested in the Lord. The love and sympathy which enhaloed her through these many years remain to sustain and cheer the faithful husband. All that is best in the Unitarian traditions of the East and most devoted and heroic in the story of Unitarianism in the West was reflected in the achievements and the serenity of Hannah D. Miller. UNITY pays its tribute to a dear old friend and extends its sympathy to the faithful comrade who remains.

The Lincoln Centre Tuesday Class in Religion

"Oh, give thyself to the kind gray day
That doth not bargain nor betray!
The tranquil stream
Shall hallow thy dream:

Yea, the gray mysterious depths of the day
Shall fashion thy soul, in a secret way to meet Infinity;
If thou wilt yield thee to the day
That doth not bargain nor betray."

So sang we in our hearts as we traversed the gently undulating stretch of country between the Illinois Central Railroad station at Flossmore and the beautiful home of Mrs. Julius Loeb, whose guests the class was for its last session of the season—following the established custom of several years past to make this an open-air meeting. Vehicles were waiting to convey us all to "the house among the oaks," but several of us preferred to walk, and richly repaid were we. The fresh green earth and the darker green of the trees overhung by an indescribable, gray mist; with here and there the sweet song of some bird made us sorry for those who had been afraid to "brave the threatening elements," and so remained in Chicago, and put us in the right spirit to enjoy the lesson which awaited us at the appointed hour—10:30. Truly our "Souls met Infinity."

Promptly on the hour Mr. Jones called the class to order, with the felicitous observation that he considered it a remarkable thing that at 10:30 and that distance from the regular class-room—about twenty-four miles—forty odd members should be promptly present.

The lesson consisted of a review of the seven years' course just completed, and all the more interesting in that it is the fourth seven-years' course conducted by our courageous leader. Mr. Jones said that while he had taken his classes over the same course four times, yet the courses though practically the same, were *never* identically the same, nor monotonous repetitions: for new light on the same old subjects and side issues constantly arising, brought but added power and interest to this broadly inclusive course of study in religion which he had never found necessary to change. This course, it may be interesting to note, was arranged by a few of the leading liberal ministers in the West thirty or more years ago—Dr. Gannett, Simmons, Blake, Learned and our own Mr. Jones.

The plan as outlined was to study the religious development of humanity biographically and historically, making the religious and ethical application, and bringing each lesson, religiously, down to date. It is a plan which has been worked out most successfully, as several of those present on this occasion could testify, having gone through two and three of the full courses.

Our leader said the religious development of the race, studied in these seven years' courses might well be thrown on the screen and the scenario might run somewhat as follows: First reel, Scene, cave-life, or in tree-tops. Man is just beginning to assume the upright position, and gaining the use of his hands, and speech just beginning. With the gift of speech to man—the paramount gift—the spirit became uppermost; *love* was made manifest, tusks and fangs, claws and horns disappear, and the enlarged skull with its gray matter inside, made man leader and master over all created things.

Second reel, might in generalization be labeled, "Mind Over Matter." Seven great names stand out as teachers and prophets—names of leaders of men in spiritual growth, whose thought shaped empires and whose teachings brought about the triumph of love over hate, in the religions of the elder world, revolving round the names of Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius, Socrates, Moses, Mohammed, Plato, and Jesus.

Third reel might consist of an enlargement or expansion of the thoughts and impulses gathering round the name of Moses, and the prophets of the Hebrews, in the Moses literature, and the "Old Testament," with its riches of ethical teaching and poetical lore might be thrown on the screen, and in their turn, the songs and stories of the age, its laws and history, its poetry and wisdom, as clinging to the names of Jacob, Ruth, Deborah, Jonah, Daniel, Esther, Deuteronomy, Kings, Chronicles, I and II, and Samuel, Ecclesiastes, Job, Proverbs and Psalms.

Fourth reel, life now more complex, brain grown troublesome. Not things, but ideas begin to dominate. Hebrew zeal and Greek art and culture meet as exemplified in the books termed The Apocrypha. Beautiful lessons are drawn from the names of Alexandria and Antioch, Esdras, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, Enoch, Tobit, Manasses, Seneca, Epictetus, Philo, Judith, Josephus, The Book of Wisdom and The Talmud.

Fifth reel should show our own peculiar inheritance the Bible—the New Testament—the flowering of the Hebrew religion. The names and words, and works of Jesus, Paul, Mark, Matthew, Luke and John, would make a most interesting reel as developed in our study.

Sixth, who could show on the screen a more intensely interesting and dramatic scene than the development from Paul to Luther? Show Europe rising from hut to Roman palace and refinement? From catacombs to cathedrals? Now come the names of Benedict, Francis, Thomas à Kempis, Charlemagne, Bernard, Dante, Savonarola, Michael Angelo, Sir Thomas More. Then on the screen we throw the great cathedrals and the universities of Europe.

Lastly the great seventh year—the journey from Erasmus to Emerson—the flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion: Protestantism, Orthdox Christianity, Liberal Christianity. The enlargement by science with the great names of Copernicus and Charles Darwin. On down the years of continued enlargement and broadening through the new Catholicism of the Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, Women's Christian Temperance Union, and Christian Endeavor; Free Religious Association, Parliament of Religions, The Congress of Religion. And their great prophets of Universal religion, Kant, Martineau and Emerson, and finally, home application in All Souls Church (1882) and Abraham Lincoln Centre (1905). The history of the conception and building of these two last-named structures, which are the outward form of the ideals of Universal brotherhood, was briefly given and might in themselves alone form one very dramatic and informing screen.

Mr. Jones traced the steps all the way from a gathering of twenty-five earnest souls in a little hall on the second floor, through the organization of "All

Souls Church," and his serving as pastor for years without any stated salary, on down the years of the building and out-growing of the first church to the present church home in Lincoln Centre, defining the word Centre as "a point to which all the legitimate needs of the community gravitate and from which all available helps radiate."

The wonderful review, with its lovely setting and solemn, portentous atmosphere, impossible to describe, closed with our leader's heart cry for help in this sorrowful condition of the world when the things he has stood for *seem* impossible to achieve, and with the declaration that he still holds the brotherhood of man, and the fatherhood of God believable, and that he should continue to hope and dream along the same lines he had for thirty-five years. He closed with the following beautiful poem by Florence Earle Coates:

DREAM THE GREAT DREAM

Dream the Great Dream, though you should dream—you, only,
And friendless follow in the lofty quest.
Though the dream lead you to a desert lonely,
Or drive you like the tempest, without rest,
Yet, toiling upward to the highest altar,
There lay before the gods your gift supreme,—
A human heart whose courage did not falter
Though distant as Arcturus shone the gleam.

The Gleam?—Ah, question not if others see it,
Who, nor the yearning, nor the passion share;
Grieve not if children of the earth decree it—
The earth, itself,—their goddess, only fair!
The soul has need of prophet and redeemer:
Her outstretched wings against her prisoning bars,
She waits for truth; and truth is with the dreamer,—
Persistent as the myriad light of stars!

M. B. P.

THE UNITY OF LOVE.

The sun of heaven would not send forth its light,
Nor would the worlds keep in their orbits' course,
Unless the universe had felt the might
And spirit of God's unifying force
Of Love.

'Tis love that makes the birds, enchanted, sing,
And mortals frame immortal rhapsodies,
God stirs the soul to heaven's awakening
And forms life's unison through melodies
Of Love.

May icy hate and cold, relentless strife
Dissolve into an ever-flowing tide
Of Brotherhood, with halcyon promise rife,
That man may find God's universal guide
Of Love.

ANNA ANDREWS THOMAS.

There is no exercise more exhilarating than kicking the devil downstairs and slamming the door behind him.

Washington Gladden.

THE PULPIT

The Case of the Pacifist Minister

CHARLES R. JOY

An Address delivered before the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice, May 24, 1917

The doctrine of infallibility is evidently not yet dead, even in the thought of otherwise liberal minded people. The infallibility of Church and Pope we long ago rejected, the inerrancy of the Bible more recently we cast aside, but today we are confronted with another expression of the old idea, from which we have not yet freed ourselves. The new theory of infallibility is expressed in terms of nationality. We have come to agree, most of us, that when a nation declares war upon another nation her judgment must be considered by those within her borders as unerring. There must be no criticism, private judgment must fall in line with official action, and this new spectre of infallibility is suddenly conjured up before us, the infallibility of the nation when it declares war. According to this theory the principles and ideals of the government must become our principles and ideals, and we must render the unquestioning obedience of the soldier. The subservient peasants of France inquired of Louis XI, "Sire, what are our opinions?" And so today we are told that we must go to Washington in order to ascertain just what our opinions are in this great and terrible crisis of American civilization.

The pacifist is one who finds himself temperamentally unable to take this position. He finds that his own conscience exerts over him a compelling power. He is perfectly well aware that his conscience may not be in agreement with the ultimate ideals of truth, but he does not see in that fact any reason for disloyalty to its present dictates. He must judge for himself whether his country is right or wrong, and in accordance with his feeling he must speak and act. He cannot take his opinion from another, he must be faithful to the voice of the spirit within him; and for his faithfulness to his own conscience he is ready to pay whatever price may be required. That today he happens to be opposed to the settled policy of his country makes his position a difficult one, but the difficulty that he faces does not alter his duty. He is more anxious to see his country right in principle than successful in war, and so he finds himself compelled to oppose her when in some dire emergency she takes what seems to him the wrong course. He recognizes the conscientiousness and high idealism of many who differ from him, he tries to give expression to his feeling with good-will and forbearance, but he cannot stand silently by while he thinks he sees his brethren taking the road that leadeth to destruction, however much he may admire their noble purposes and their heroic self-sacrifice. It is his duty to speak and to speak in no uncertain terms.

That he belongs to an insignificant minority does not prove him wrong. The history of human progress, as Emerson says, is initially the history of minorities and usually of minorities of one. The pacifist is hopeful that the minority to which he belongs may prove to be the minority that makes the history of human progress, and he is willing to sacrifice the pleasure of membership in the great majority for the sake of

the privilege of serving the future through such a maligned and misunderstood minority. He has no fear that what he may say or do will undermine the sacred heritage which has come down to us from the past, for he knows that all that is precious there will be well guarded by many consecrated souls. He is striking out a path by the power of his faith through an unknown wilderness in the hope that he may find a promised land of peace and joy and fulfilment. His effort may be vain. He may fall in the venture of faith. His faith itself may be ill-grounded. Perchance there is no promised land in that direction. But the God within him is stirring, and he must press on or be faithless.

The pacifist is in the position of an inventor who believes that he has found a better way to accomplish a desirable end than that sanctioned by long usage. The adoption of his invention is, however, attended with a certain amount of risk, and the forces of tradition and inertia are strongly opposed to him. His invention has worked on a small scale, but he has had no opportunity to try it on a large scale, and therefore he cannot demonstrate his theory. He is confident, however, that on any scale it would work well, and so he is insisting with all the power of which he is capable that the new invention be tried. He is scorned and ridiculed, he is detested and abused, but he cannot in loyalty to the truth give up the fight. He intends to persist until at last his contention is recognized or disproven.

In relation to the immediate issue, the pacifist thinks he has caught a vision of a better way than that of war to accomplish the ends for which we fight. He believes that the safety of his loved country can best be ensured by the adoption of this better way. He sees the nation following in the wake of historic empires that have passed on to their death, and his heart is sick with fear and foreboding. He is convinced that if we only had sufficient faith, sufficient courage, to risk our present happiness in the trial of this new way the future would see attained the endless yearning of our lives for peace, and justice, and righteousness. Because of this faith, and because of his loyalty to his country's welfare, he is willing to bear the stigma of disgrace if through his stripes the nation may be healed. There is no question in his mind as to his present duty. He cannot be silent, he must utilize every opportunity to awaken his countrymen to that which seems to him the only way to meet the forces of evil and change them to forces of good. Others may call him an obstructionist, a visionary, a fanatic, but the love of country and mankind makes his course a clear one.

The heroism of those who are going forth in every nation today to slay and to be slain must not be underrated. It is a magnificent tribute to the capacity of the human heart to rise above all selfish interests for the sake of a great ideal. The pacifist well knows what all this means. He is well aware of the purity of this patriotic passion as it manifests itself in many of our noblest men today. His own feet keep time even against his will to the martial music, his heart is warmed within him by the consecration and determination of the marching men, but he feels that this fine spirit is being misdirected, and his soul is appalled by the horror and waste of war. It is not that wealth and property are destroyed, it is not even that life is sacrificed. Surely it is man's supreme glory to dedicate his wealth and his life for the service of God. That which appalls the pacifist is the fact that all the splendid heroism laid so willingly upon the altar of the insatiable god of war might have been dedicated to the same high ends in such a better and more effective way. When the greatest leader of American thought tells him that a strong alliance of America and France and England can be cemented only with blood, which means the blood of German boys, it seems to him that we have lost our grip on God, and have slipped back for centuries.

The pacifist does not call upon men to throw away their nobler impulses. He does not urge them to seek for ease. He summons them to action. He exhorts them to the same heroism, the same self-sacrifice, but he shows them this better way. Said Emerson: "If peace is sought to be defended or preserved for the safety of the luxurious and the timid, it is a sham, and the peace will be base. War is better, and the peace will be broken. If peace is to be maintained it must be by brave men, who have come up to the same height as the hero, namely, the will to carry their life in their hand, and stake it at any instant for their principle, but who have gone one step beyond the hero, and will not seek another man's life." This is the spirit of the true pacifist, and when we have learned to call forth and utilize these nobler instincts of the race in the service and uplift of mankind, then that which has given war its glamor and its appeal will have been diverted to the ways of truth and life. At the present moment the world is trying to lift a great weight by the application of all its strength. The pacifist commends its spirit and its purpose, but suggests that this strength be more efficiently employed. If we are lifting with a lever, it makes a tremendous difference where the lifting force is applied in relation to the fulcrum. Perhaps by a different direction of our strength me might waste less energy and lift a greater weight.

It is an important part of the strategy of war to select a favorable site for battle and then to force the conflict there. The pacifist suggests that the same method be followed in the present conflict between right and wrong. He protests against the folly of waging war upon the ground which the enemy has selected and with the weapons that the enemy has chosen. He urges that we select the field of battle in such a way that the advantage of the strife will be with us, and also that we select the weapons to be used so that our skill will count for most. We must lift the conflict to the plane of spiritual forces, in order that the strength of righteousness may be felt. On the plane of violence the most unscrupulous has an insuperable advantage. There it is that brute strength weighs most. The man has no chance in conflict with the tiger so long as he confines himself to the use of that physical strength which is the tiger's only weapon. He gains the advantage when he employs the power of his brain against the tiger's muscular strength. In conflict between men who employ both strength of body and mind, he who is lower down on the scale of life will possess the great advantage. He will have more strength of body, he will employ his mental powers with more brutal effectiveness. Therefore it is that for successful combat with such an adversary, a man must lift the con-

flict to a higher plane, namely, the plane of spiritual force. Then the tide of battle turns again, and the advantage rests with him whose life is nearest the Christ-life, the God-life. He finds at his hand weapons of warfare of which his adversary has never dreamed. He wields forces which become in his hand omnipotent. He who is unwilling to stoop to atrocities and unwilling to wage a war of terrorism finds for himself weapons of spiritual might which more than compensate for the loss of these lower and more carnal weapons. If we are to bring the whole force of our civilization to bear upon the conflict of nations, then we must carefully select the theatre of war, in order that the force of barbarism may not have an invincible advantage. We must oppose the higher weapons to the lower, the modern machinery of spiritual warfare to the antiquated engines of destruction. This, then, is the plea of the pacifist, that we elevate the plane of conflict to the place where superior refinement and culture can be brought into play, that we refuse to meet the enemy upon his terrain, that we decline to fight with weapons he has selected.

So the pacifist suggests that we quickly terminate the disastrous conflict by calling out all our reserves at once. He is confident that if we employ immediately certain powers which now lie latent waiting until the war is over for their exercise that the victory will soon be ours. He has learned through his experience that the forces we hold in reserve cannot long be resisted, if we possess the daring and the faith to use them. These reserve forces are the forces of religion, which seem to remain in abeyance while war is in progress: justice, righteousness, kindness, mercy, good-will, generosity, forgiveness, sympathy, understanding, love. We little realize how mighty are these reserves, and we never will realize their power until we call them out and place them in the first-line trenches. Against them bayonets are futile, bullets are harmless, shells are useless. The fiercest charges surge against their ranks in vain, the deadliest gases roll over them and leave them unchanged. No power on earth can check their ultimate triumph, for they are from heaven, and filled with the spirit of victory. The pacifist believes in his religion, believes in it so strongly that he is ready to give it a fair trial. He is willing to risk all he possesses in the effort to demonstrate that the evil can most effectively be overcome by good. His trust is in God, and in the strength of the armor which he takes from the arsenal of heaven he fears no foe, for naught can harm him. We seem for the moment to have lost our faith in the spiritual defenses of a nation, we seem to have lost our trust in the Infinite, and have come to believe, that if our guns fail us, then our doom is sealed. What of God today? Has He forgotten His children? Or can it be that we have forgotten Him? I cannot believe that any nation that puts its trust in justice and righteousness and love and God will be forsaken. No enemy can conquer her, there is no breach within her walls.

After all we cannot end this war by crushing Germany. We cannot end it even by defeating her. The war will end only when she is won as a friend. We cannot lift the level of her life by killing her men and bereaving her women and starving her children. If she is at present a menace to civilization she will not cease to be a menace when the allies have imposed upon her their terms of peace. So long as her spirit is unchanged she will wait her time and once again we shall be compelled to face the same problem of hatred and misunderstanding. The world must win her friendship through good-will, it must change her spirit through love. When we have won the affection of the German people, then the problem will be solved, until that time our efforts are worse than wasted.

Believing therefore that the power of our neglected religion is the one great force that works for permanent peace, the duty of the pacifist minister is clear. He must preach with an insistence which he has never before felt necessary the old truths of brotherhood and good-will. He must keep his faith in man without exception, he must teach the fatherhood of God without reservation. He must apply the precepts of Jesus to nations as well as individuals, teaching that self-sacrifice and not self-defense is the supreme ideal of Christian service, and that Jesus' summary of law and gospels is a sufficient code for international diplomacy today. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. We have not questioned the sublimity of that teaching. Shall we then limit its application to the individual, after the manner of General Bernhardi, or shall we recognize once and for all that Jesus meant "thou shalt love thy sister nation as thine own?" "America first?" Ah, there is a nobler attitude than that, which Christianity has long suggested. If America must be first, let it be first in service, first in self-sacrifice, but always last in self-love. I wish I might join with so many of those I respect in seeing the promise of universal peace in the present situation. But I have no such hope, unless the horror and the utter futility of war are brought home to us all in such a way that neither conqueror nor conquered will be willing to resort again to its dire extreme. We used to say "Woe to the vanquished!" Today we may say with equal truth "Woe to the victor!" The Germans have a proverb that a great war leaves a country with three armies—an army of cripples, an army of mourners, and an army of thieves. Upon such a foundation we can hardly build the temple of universal peace. Peace will come when religion has become a vital, burning thing, when God has become for us greater than the old tribal god, when faith in man has become for us a larger thing than faith in our countrymen, when trust in spiritual forces has become a thing more sublime than the weak trust which thrives only under sunny skies. God alone can save the day for us, and sooner or later we must turn to him.

The pacifist minister, then, if he be true to the faith that is in him, must lift his eyes unto the hills of God and get the vision stamped upon his soul, the vision of the eternal forces working through the hearts of men to bring the long-desired era of love and peace and infinite good-will. And with that vision in his soul he must turn to the needy world with the fervent hope that others may see what he has seen, that they may be inspired with the great ideals of spiritual self-sacrifice, and consecrate themselves to the service of the cross. Fearlessly he must lead the way, if he be worthy, and prove it in his own life that God is with Him, that invisible legions of angels are round about

Him as he faces the earthly weapons of hate with the heavenly weapons of love. It is his firm conviction that with him and with those who like him have caught the vision rests the future. Rightly or wrongly, he believes that they constitute today the small minority which is making the history of human progress. There are two irresistible and infinite facts, said Victor Hugo, the fraternity of men and the power of God. Through the recognition of these two facts the maker of peace is today forging his way to victory.

Not Pro-German But Anti-War

Remarks of Jenkin Lloyd Jones at the Meeting Held in Madison Square Gardens, New York City, May 31st, 1917

Not that I hate crowns less, but that I hate war more. I am not opposing this war because Germany is the defendant, but I am opposing war as a survival of the beast that is ever followed with a trail of woe, degradation and demoralization. Of all the slogans the President, gifted in speech, has given us, no one is more pregnant with profound wisdom than that which declared for a "peace without victory."

A peace with conquest is at best only a truce. Alas for the nation or nations that conquer on the battlefield! For they have won an entailment of hate that will pursue them through uncounted years, if need be, until the conquered may again rally to their task of conquering the source of their humiliation.

War is a survival of the beast, and it is doomed to go with the beasts of prey. Armaments are but glorified horns, fangs and claws, the use of which weapons tears flesh, devastates homes and desecrates the sanctities.

I hate violence so much that, of course, I grieve over the prospect of physical resistance to any wrong, however grievous. There are two ways of respecting law. One is to conform to its requirements when it runs parallel with one's conscience; the other is to peacefully accept the penalty of disobedience when it runs contrary to conscience.

I believe war in its ultimate cruelties creates its own antidote. The men in the trenches have discovered a fraternity of valor, a brotherhood of suffering, a comradeship of hunger that overreaches the trenches and undermines the fortifications. War lords are found far in the rear of the firing line, and the war makers are found in the comfortable council chambers of cabinet officers and law makers.

I speak for the people who are disfranchised by a President and a Congress who came into office on the slogan, "He has kept us out of war." I speak for those who are unrepresented or misrepresented by the public press, whose agonized cries are unechoed by a militant priesthood, and a superficial Christianity that bows to the dictates of the Cæsar in the name of the Christ. They who wear the cross of gold around their necks and a sword of steel at their belt. I speak for the mothers from whose arms are torn the sons that they have dedicated to peace, protected by love, trained to think, and who are called upon to give them up to die in foreign trenches, to be shredded by bullets, or, worse, to be poisoned by disease, debilitated by homesickness, and a fate still worse, to live to bereave other mothers and to slay their fellow beings against whom they have no bitterness, and in the destruction of whom they can find no joy.

There are no "ultimatums," "unbearable overt acts," "final decisions," in the vocabulary of peace, and therein lies the weakness of war. It is never too late to revise a mistake, to correct an error. The movement of the public mind is slow, but more rapid than the movement in military trenches.

The voice of democracy will be heard. The cry of the mothers will reach congressional halls, and the vote of the people will ultimately decide upon the occupant of the presidential chair. Let the United States take thought and act before it is too late. Its lease of life is dependent upon its devotion to truth, justice and love.

We cannot deprussianize Germany by prussianizing the United States. The President and Congress have laboriously differentiated between the German government and the German people. Now they are mobilizing the flower of American youth to kill the flower of the German people. The German government apart from the German people is an intangible fabric over which the Kaiser is supposed to rule, but the stars in their courses are fighting against him.

What David Starr Jordan calls "the fool killer" is after him, and will get him sure! But the condemnation of history will pursue him and the fate of mortals will overtake him.

The Germany of Goethe, Lessing, von Humboldt, of Bach, Mozart and Mendelsohn, must be conserved, that it may flourish alongside of the England of Shakespeare, and Milton, of Darwin, Wordsworth and Browning. The "republic of letters" is no empty "figure of speech," but the abiding reality in human history and the conquering power in the affairs of nations as of individuals.

New York Call, June 1, 1917.

ON SAINT-GAUDENS'S STATUE OF LINCOLN.

A little group of merry children played
  Around the statue's base, where, gaunt and tall,
  His image stands—the bronze memorial
Unto his greatness that Saint-Gaudens made—
In thoughtful posture, carelessly arrayed
  In loose, ill-fitting clothes, that somehow fall
  In graceful lines,—as one wrapped in a thrall
Of thought, who pauses, sad, yet undismayed.

And on the sad calm face, where deep lines tell
  His suffering and unimagined woe,
I fancied as their laughter rose and fell
  A smile played round his lips with sad, sweet glow—
A smile like His who in far Galilee
Said, "Let the little children come to me."

—Frederick Burton Eddy.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

—Caroline A. Mason.

A Demand for Free Speech

"There is something significant in the peace meeting that has been staged for the Auditorium in Chicago this afternoon. In it is voiced the demand of the people that they be informed why this country is at war and what we are fighting for. The French and English missions have come and gone, and we were thrilled with their presence. They have conferred with our president and his advisers, and now that an understanding has been reached, the American people have a right to know just what secret treaties have been entered into. We have a right to know what the Allies expect as a result of the United States entering into this war. We have a right to know just what agreements have been formulated. In other words, we have the right to know what the United States is fighting for, and what is expected of us after it ends.

"We are told that we are fighting for liberty and democracy, but that is not sufficient. The president of the United States has not a single son to send into the war. You men and women here are sending your sons to the battlefields of Europe, and you have a right to know why. The president and his advisers know why, or at least they know what has transpired. We know the Allies want something more than money and munitions. They want men, and in their extremity they are asking for your sons, the flower of this American Republic.

"I am not one of those who believe this will be a short struggle. I look for a long and costly battle, and for the shedding of much American blood. In the face of such a sacrifice, we should not be led blindly into such a fate. Before you sacrifice your sons, you should be told why. There should be freedom of speech and freedom of press. Down at Washington, according to reports, they are attempting to put over a gag law, a law that will abridge the rights of the press and throttle the voice on the platform. I protest against this action, and I want to say that the day free speech is denied this platform I will go to jail."

The Rev. Mr. Macpherson admitted that these were strange words to come from a pulpit, and that some might feel they bordered on the line of treason, but he declared the liberties of the people were threatened in some of the proceedings, and he reserved to himself the right to view these proceedings and pass judgment upon them as his conscience dictated. He declared he would be recreant to his trust as a minister of the people if he did not speak out in protest against what he felt were signs of a great national wrong.

Mr. Macpherson, referring to Memorial Day anniversary, paid a tribute to the soldiers of the past, but he dwelt particularly on the soldiers of 1917, and those who may be called in the years to come. He said that memories of the past had a place in the minds of the people, but it is equally vital, if not more important, to have a thought of the future. He declared that a blood relationship ran through all the people, having its tap roots way back in the Orient, and that in the great struggle now going on, what might be termed a conquest of cousins against cousins was under way. It recalls the days of the Civil War, when brothers were pitted against brothers, he said.

This letting of blood in itself is momentous enough to cause every one to think most seriously, and when it comes to sending our own sons into the fray, it is time to pause and ask "Why?" On this basis, the Rev. Mr. Macpherson declared for frankness on the part of President Wilson and his advisers, and for continued freedom in the press and on the platform.

Rev. Walter H. Macpherson.
From Sermon delivered in Joliet, Ill., May 27.

Shall We Fight for Land?

Our country faces a second epoch-making decision. The conference now to take place with envoys from the allies will be historic. The war settlement will depend on the employment of three different agencies, men and munition, money and food, and psychology and diplomacy. Of these, the latter will do more than the other two to shorten the war and to prevent future wars.

The President in his war message says he stands by his message to the Senate. In this masterly address he proclaimed that peace without victory, i. e., a negotiated peace, not a victor's terms imposed on the vanquished, was the only one that would not sow seeds for future war, and would permit conditions for permanent peace.

Today we have solemnly entered on the war with the distinct and sole purpose to promote the principles of democracy and to help achieve that permanent peace. The governments whose envoys meet us did not put these ends as those for which they would cease war. The great powers among the allies have agreed on special economic privileges among themselves to follow the war, and all demand more territory. America stands valiantly ready to give lives and fortunes for the freedom of the seas and ultimate world organization. It is willing to suffer, and to ask its people, despite possible bread riots and coal at $20 a ton, to fight for these great ends. But is it willing to do this to gratify such demands as those presented in the allies' statement of peace terms?

Is it not quite possible that peace could come in a month's time if France were willing to accept autonomy for Alsace-Lorraine without its annexation; if Russia would accept the neutralization of the Dardanelles and the razing of its forts in lieu of ownership; if Italy and England would agree with all the allies to make no demands for land, but to leave the settlement of the Balkans and African colonies and other matters to a world congress provided that Germany at once agreed to evacuate all invaded territory and to enter with them into a league of nations which should internationalize the seas and intersea connections, and should agree to settle international disputes by peaceful methods?

President Wilson might have so worded his war message as to condition our wholesale assistance to the allies. Did it occur to him that food and ships and money might be pledged, especially for the building up of Europe after the war, but that no conscript need be promised until the allies were willing to make some such terms as those above suggested and Germany had refused them?

Let this be clearly stated. If we let the allies know that they can get one million American conscripts to fight, to permit British South African colonies to retain the German colonies, to give Italy the Trentino, to give Russia the Dardanelles, etc., shall we not thereby strengthen the stubbornness of the central powers and so prolong the war? Shall we not also help on a war settlement that would exclude Germany from a league of nations and thus doom a divided, wrangling world to prepare for future war?

We are not yet bound to make no peace until the allies gained the terms that they asked last January. Now is the time of our great opportunity. A false move and the war may thereby be continued for two or three years and leave the world perishing of starvation. A firm hand, a far-sighted comprehension of the psychological and political possibilities of our giving aid that shall be rightly qualified, may save the world from fatally magnifying this unparalleled disaster. LUCIA AMES.

Boston Herald, April 28, 1917.

YELLOW WARBLERS.

The first faint dawn was flushing up the skies,
When dreamland still bewildering mine eyes,
I looked out to the oak that, winter-long—
A winter wild with war and woe and wrong,—
Beyond my casement had been void of song.

And lo! with golden buds the twigs were set,
Live buds that warbled like a rivulet
Beneath a veil of willows. Then I knew
Those tiny voices, clear as drops of dew,
Those flying daffodils that fleck the blue,

Those sparkling visitants from myrtle isles—
Wee pilgrims of the sun, that measured miles
Innumerable over land and sea
With wings of shining inches. Flakes of glee,
They filled that dark old oak with jubilee,

Foretelling in delicious roundelays
Their dainty courtship on the dipping sprays,
How they should fashion nests, mate helping mate,
Of milkweed flax and fern-down delicate,
To keep sky-tinted eggs inviolate.

Listening to those blithe notes, I slipped once more
From lyric dawn through dreamland's open door,
And there was God, Eternal Life that sings
Eternal joy, brooding all mortal things,
A nest of stars, beneath untroubled wings.

In Atlantic Monthly for May, 1917. —*Katharine Lee Bates.*

GOOD COMPANY.

Today I have grown taller from walking with the trees,
The seven sister-poplars who go softly in a line;
And I think my heart is whiter for its parley with a star
That trembled out at nightfall and hung above the pine.

The call-note of a redbird from the cedars in the dusk
Woke his happy mate within me to an answer free and fine;
And a sudden angel beckoned from a column of blue smoke—
Lord, who am I that they should stoop—these holy folk of Thine?

—*Karle Wilson Baker.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Luther

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

XIX.

The Enlargement of Science
Nicolas Copernicus 1473-1543

Mrs. L. M. Smith, Leader

"The earth is not the center of the universe. The earth is in motion around the sun."

Branching streams of influence have brought us on our way from Luther to the present. The orthodox stream begins with Erasmus, the heterodox flows from Servetus to Theodore Parker. We now go back to the Luther period to study those heroes of science who have given their lives to enlarge man's knowledge of the universe in which he lives.

The secrets of chemistry must be sought in the laboratory; the geologist must uncover hidden rocks to enable him to read the history of past ages; the study of physics, the discovery of the obscure qualities of light, heat and electricity requires diligence. But the pages of astronomy are spread out upon the heavens. The rising and setting of the sun, the succession of the seasons, the cycle of the year are so intimately connected with man's welfare that it is not surprising that these phenomena became subjects of his interest and investigation.

In earliest times a study of the heavenly bodies was the office of the priest, and Chaldean and Babylonian temples were not alone sanctuaries but observatories as well. These star-gazers developed a system of astrological predictions, also observed the regular movements of sun, moon, planets, marked the constellations and signs of the zodiac and divided the year into months, weeks, minutes and seconds. It is claimed that the Chaldeans made the utmost progress in this science possible with the naked eye. They conceived of the earth as a flat surface overarched by a solid dome, above which dwelt the gods and angels. There were combined the waters in a vast reservoir. These primitive ideas were accepted by their Hebrew neighbors and incorporated in the Bible.

Gradually these astronomical beliefs were carried westward and formed in large measure the foundation for later systems. With the Greeks came the doctrine that the earth is a sphere, and Pythagoras even suggested the possibility of its revolution about the sun. But this latter belief gained no credence. In the second century A. D. Ptolemy propounded a theory that with slight alterations has held sway for more than a thousand years. His great work, the "Almagest," was a compendium of all the astronomy known at his time. To him the earth was a globe suspended in space, surrounded by the sphere of the heav-

ens, to the inside of which were attached the stars. This celestial sphere revolved completely around the earth every twenty-four hours, and through its midst the sun made a yearly circuit accompanied by the planets. Many of the early fathers of the church were loath to accept the idea of the earth's rotundity, affirming it was contrary to the Bible. But the theory of its position at the center of the universe grew in favor and at last became woven into the structure of Christian theology. By it the world was raised to first rank and man was glorified. Said a great theologian of the thirteenth century, Peter Lombard:

"Just as man is made for the sake of God, that is, that he may serve Him, so the Universe is made for the sake of man, that is, that it may serve him, therefore is man placed in the middle point of the universe that he may both serve and be served."

It remained for Dante, the divinely inspired poet, to fix this system yet more firmly in European belief and to make it a part of the world's life.

But truth awaited her champion, and in 1473, in the Polish city of Thorn, was born Copernicus, the man who formulated a theory that should revolutionize astronomical thought. He came of lowly parentage. His father, a Germanized Slav, was a merchant who died when the boy was ten years old, leaving him to the care of a maternal uncle who helped him to an education. He studied at the University of Cracow and became a doctor, mathematician, astronomer and artist. He also pursued his studies at the universities of Bologna and Padua. He lived for a time at Frauenburg, near the mouth of the Vistula. Here he devoted his life to work of the most serious character, withdrew from ordinary society, mingled only with learned companions and spent much of his time in the study of mathematics and astronomy. Being poorly equipped with instruments he arranged holes in the walls of his house so that he could observe the passage of the stars across the meridian.

In 1499, at the age of twenty-seven, he was appointed professor of mathematics at Rome. In explaining the Ptolemic theory to his students the idea of a stationary earth presented so many difficulties to his mind that he set about establishing the simpler hypothesis that the earth revolves on its axis every twenty-four hours. This did away with the necessity of Ptolemy's starry sphere performing the same revolution at an incredible velocity. It had been urged that if the earth rotated on its axis its motion would be imparted to the air and terrific winds would result. Copernicus proved that the air must accompany the earth, just as his coat remained around him when he walked down the street. Another difficulty felt by Copernicus was the theory that the stars were all equally distant from the earth and he rejected it for the simpler one of a rotating earth. While brooding over these problems he conceived the thought, now a commonplace, that the sun is the center about which the earth and planets revolve.

Not daring to announce his theory in Rome, Copernicus resigned his professorship, returned to his native town in Poland where for twenty-seven years he as canon performed the duties of parish priest. There he wrote his one book, entitled, "Concerning the Movements of the Heavenly Bodies." In Wittenburg, as in Rome, Catholics and Protestants were alike hostile to new ideas. He therefore sent his manuscript to Nuremberg to be edited by a student named Osiander, who published it with a cowardly preface in which he claimed that Copernicus set forth the doctrine of the earth's movements, not as a fact but as a hypothesis, asserting that even an astronomer might indulge his imagination. "Thus," says Andrew D. White, "was perhaps the greatest and most ennobling of scientific truths forced in coming before the world to sneak and crawl."

Before the book was issued from the press Copernicus was stricken with a fatal illness. The book was placed in his hands, but while sufficiently conscious to recognize it he passed away without reading a page. He was laid to rest in an obscure grave and not until 1829 was a memorial statue of him unveiled at Warsaw.

The truth proclaimed in Copernicus' book was so veiled by the false preface that theologians left it undisturbed for nearly seventy years.

Meanwhile the great Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahé (b. 1546), in his palace in Copenhagen carried on a series of planetary observations, which later his disciple, John Kepler (1571), used in figuring out the mathematical side of the science and in formulating his great laws. (The square of the time in which a planet revolves about the sun is in proportion to the cube of the average distance of the planet from that body. The course of the planets is an elliptical.)

It was not until about 1616, when Galileo (b. at Pisa 1564), by observations through the telescope which he had perfected, proved the truth of the Copernican theory and proclaimed it to the world, that the church was roused. Then were the foundations of religion shaken and the battle raged fiercely around the two words "Geocentric," or earth center, and "Heliocentric," or sun center. Copernicus' book was put on the Index of the Catholic Church. All works which affirmed the motion of the earth were forbidden, and to teach or discuss the theory was to risk damnation. For this championship Galileo was humiliated and persecuted. Summoned when seventy years old to appear before the Inquisition at Rome he only escaped condemnation to death by abjuring his heresy. Stripped of his honors, isolated from his friends, overtaken by blindness, he died in 1638 cherishing his belief that the world does move. Galileo also invented the clock and afterwards the thermometer. He was confirmed in his belief in the Copernican system by detecting the four satellites of Jupiter revolving around the planet.

Step by step the churches, Catholic and Protestant, fought the advance of science. Not until 1820 was permission granted by the Pope for the teaching of the Copernican system, and in 1822 the Cardinals of the Holy Inquisition graciously agreed that "the printing and publication of works treating of the motion of the earth and the stability of the sun in accordance with the general opinion of modern astronomers is permitted at Rome."

As a result of these lives of devotion and self-sacrifice man has arrived at a clearer conception of law in the universe. Many of the dogmas which tend to debase rather than to develop man's moral and religious nature have been cleared away and we have proof of the inspiration of the great words, "The Truth shall make you free."

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

FLOWER SUNDAY AT LINCOLN CENTRE

Sunday, June 10th, brought again one of All Souls' "home festivals"—one of the four special "festival" days of the year when the children of the Sunday School participate in the services. Only this is pre-eminently the children's day, although on our church calendar technically known as Flower Sunday. And while all the festival days are dearly prized by the old members and attendants, the Flower Festival is particularly beloved, for the presence and interest of the "human blossoms" make nature's lilies and roses doubly sweet.

Mr. Jones prefaced the regular Flower Sunday ritual by speaking of the beauty and value of the repetition of the ritual, used now annually for the thirty-five years of his Chicago ministry. "While others advertise new songs and service for Flower Sunday, we continue to find beauty and joy and spiritual uplift from the words and music we have used so long, and with increasing love and appreciation." This ritual, composed of noble lines, some of which are from the highlands of Jewish thought written twenty-five hundred years ago, and some from the greatest poets of modern time, is a firm foundation-stone in the moulding of our characters, and grows clearer and dearer with each repetition. Who can estimate its influence upon the characters of these children who pursue their religious studies year after year in All Souls? Mr. Jones spoke a word of welcome to "the children, the fairest flowers," and at this point Miss Johnson sang a beautiful "Greeting" to the little ones—one of Hosmer's poems, two stanzas of which follow:

"All hidden lie the future ways
Their little feet shall fare;
But holy thoughts within us stir,
And rise on lips of prayer.

O little ones, ye cannot know
The power with which ye plead,
Nor why, as on through life we go,
The little child doth lead."

The next beautiful part of this day's service is the christening of children into the nurture and guidance of our church, and it is no uncommon thing to have a child of the third generation of those christened, as was the case today.

Following this came the reading of our always satisfactory, and so far, adequate, bond of union, that any who might wish to do so, could join us in our endeavors: "We join ourselves together in the interest of morality and religion, as interpreted by the growing thought and purest lives of humanity, hoping thereby to bear one another's burdens and promote truth, righteousness and love in the world," and the congregation gladly welcomes, as it did this Flower Sunday, those who "stand by."

One of the most interesting features of Flower Sunday is the awarding of Bibles to those who have completed a seven years' course of religious study in the Sunday School, or the Tuesday or Friday classes in religion.

Today there were from the Sunday School service "graduates" from the Tuesday class, three, and from the Friday night class, four, who proudly received their "diplomas"—American editions of the revised Bible, inscribed by the pastor. One beautiful case was that of mother and son receiving each a Bible. The "Roll of Honor" in attendance was read. Then followed the children's bestowal of their blossoms,—the really most beautiful and touching part of this service, if possible for *any* to be "most" beautiful, where ALL is so—those blossoms afterward to be carried to the sick. Each class as called, beginning with the "babies" of Mrs. Knight's class, went as a whole, or sent a representative to the platform bearing their flowers and a verse or poem. Mr. Jones said he was reminded of that portion of Romola where George Eliot described the "pillar of follies" formed of the jewelry and useless gewgaws cast off by the women under the power of Savonarola's preaching and denunciation of their follies. Only this pillar made of the children's offerings was a "Pillar of Beauty," typical of love and service—and not of follies.

Each year we wonder if the children *can* find any new verses or lines to accompany their flowers—and each year the surprise awaits us. Not only do we hear some of the old and loved ones, but many new lines also come. Following are the "flower-thoughts" to help us appreciate Nature's bounty: "Go forth into the heart of things. Let Nature be your teacher." (Wordsworth.) "Nature is always true to the heart that loves her." "Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers—each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book." (Horace Smith.) "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world." (Browning.) "Best of all is God is with us." (John Wesley.)

Our own Evelyn Walker, who has given so generously of her largess to the life of All Souls, was represented by three poems:

FLOWER WONDER

Just the scantiest of soil for rooting,
Just the homeliest of plain brown seeds,
Just the common air and summer sunshine,
That is all the little daisy needs.

To repeat the old, old flower-wonder,
Ever new and every morning told,
Cup of green and petals pure as lilies,
Washed in dew, with heart of yellow gold.

Shall the flower shame my human courage?
What if life be narrow in its hour?
Gate of gifts in swinging on its hinges
Never fails to leave the daisy's dower.

So I bide my blossom-time in patience
Till I learn to pray the daisy's prayer,
Asking only wit to change to petals
That which waits my seeking everywhere.

SWEET PEAS.

O blossom that longs for the sky
O flow'ret that climbs and clings,
O smile and kiss of the clod,
O soul that is trying its wings,—

So would I climb and so cling,
So would I answer the light,
So would I trust, and so lie
On the breast of the Infinite Might.

One fugitive poem was given, taken from earlier number of UNITY, which is too beautiful to be omitted:

"The period of life is brief—
'Tis the red of the red rose leaf,
'Tis the gold of the sunset sky,
'Tis the flight of a bird on high:
But one may fill the space
With such an infinite grace,
That the red will tinge all time,
And the gold through the ages shine,
And the bird fly swift and straight
To the portals of God's own gate."

Sweet and tender as was the whole service, the crowning touch was, perhaps, when, in response to a query from our pastor as to whether anyone could quickly give *any* golden text of the years' studies, a little golden-haired tot instantly rose and said, "George Fox said 'Walk by the inner light'"—which Mr. Jones pronounced a fitting benediction. So the thirty-fifth Flower Sunday becomes a beautiful memory—a sweet fragrance in our over-busied lives.

M. B. P.

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